Fantasies

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by DrJLecter

Summary

Will has been busy at a conference and Hannibal is not happy about that. The conference is over now and Hannibal has *plans*.

Notes

Sorry for the long wait, guys! Now that the football worldcup is finally over I can spend more time on writing again LOL This verse is not leaving me alone and I'm thinking about things to write here all the time. *facewall*

Thank you Plinks for reading through this! All remaining mistakes are my own.

Hannibal stood in the middle of his kitchen, eyes closed, imagining how he wanted to present tonight's dinner. It was supposed to become a special dinner, nothing too opulent, because he knew Will wouldn't be able to appreciate it to its fullest, but special nonetheless.

He had no doubt Will would realize immediately that there was a reason behind it, but he still hoped to placate him and get him into an agreeable mood. He wasn't above playing all of his cards and manipulating his Alpha in every way possible to get what he wanted, even though Will would look through his play immediately.

It was a game they played now to keep their life together interesting. Manipulation was something they were both masters in and it had become something like an amusement between them to unearth their hidden agendas and counter them with their own. Of course it weren't games about life and death anymore, those times were over, but it was enjoyable nonetheless.

Hannibal opened his eyes and went to the fridge. He wished for Will to be in a good mood when broaching the subject of a necessary hunt to stock their pantry. It was the first time he needed to go out since they were bonded and even though Will had accepted him as the Ripper, it didn't mean that he would allow him to continue to kill people as he wished.

To be honest Hannibal had expected there to be more rules and regulations, but so far the topic hadn't come up besides that one time when Will requested to know beforehand when there'd be a new body left by the Chesapeake Ripper. With Will back to teaching and Jack out of the picture, even that might change now.

Starting the preparations he considered the possible consequences of going out without telling Will and risking him finding out. He felt uneasy just thinking about it. There was no need to cause a rift between them over this. Hannibal was pretty sure Will wouldn't order him to stay home.

Throwing a quick glance at the clock he saw that he had about three hours to finish cooking and think about the best way to handle Will.

His Alpha had been at a conference held at Quantico the whole week, always returning home very late, tired and drawn into himself. These kinds of gatherings with their demand of socialization tended to exhaust his mate almost to the breaking point and Hannibal had tried his best to be a comforting presence without adding to his stress by forcing interactions on him.

As a result their intimacy had suffered up to a point where they haven't had sex since shortly before the beginning of this conference and Hannibal felt a need building in his chest that became harder to ignore with every passing hour.

Tonight would be the perfect occasion. Will's conference was finally finished, so he would be open to his influence and the need to fill the emptiness of his body was still manageable to Hannibal. He didn't want to wait till he lost his control over his actions and have his instincts taking over.

So he had dressed in a simple white shirt and black slacks, knowing Will loved seeing him in the almost casual outfit, rolled up his sleeves to bare his forearms and wrists, opened the two top buttons to show his collar and expose all the vulnerable parts of his body. His hair stayed free of product to keep it soft and easy to run through with fingers.

He didn't bother with underwear, but pushed a small plug in to keep slick from ruining his trousers should things get heated before they stripped. Closing his eyes he took a minute to get used to the feeling.

Dinner would be some of Will's catches with just a tiny bit of bacon in the mix. He was sure Will would appreciate the effort he made.

When the time came for Will to get back from work he was prepared and confident that his plan would end in a night full of heated sex and the allowance to go hunting. The thought sent a shiver down his spine.

Hearing the door open Hannibal couldn't stop the slight smile stealing onto his face. He finally had his mate back to himself.

When Will entered the kitchen he still seemed to be deep in thought, distracted by whatever had happened that day. He just stepped quickly into the kitchen to press a swift kiss to Hannibal's lips and then excused himself to the bathroom to take a shower. Hannibal frowned.

It seemed as if more effort on his part would be necessary.

Unfortunately not even the hot shower had gotten through to Will. He barely appeared conscious at the table, having buttoned his shirt wrong and his hair still more than just a bit damp.

Most aggravating though was the mechanical way with which he ate his dinner. It was clear he didn't taste what was on his plate at all.

Hannibal put his cutlery down and watched him for a moment. This was definitely not going as he intended.

It was time to take control of the situation and snap Will out of the maze that was his own mind.

Taking the pillow from the chair next to him he slowly got up. Will didn’t react and even though Hannibal had hoped to get around such drastic measures, they clearly were needed.

Stepping around the table he placed the pillow on the ground next to Will's chair and knelt down. Carefully he placed his forehead on the firm thigh, taking a deep breath to fill his lungs with his mate's scent.

Gentle fingers started carding through his hair after a moment, but Will kept quiet and Hannibal clenched his teeth. It was obviously an automatic reaction to his proximity instead of the attention he so wanted.

Desperate times needed desperate measures. He prepared himself mentally for what he was about to do, something he never had considered doing before.

The high pitched whine he let escape out of his throat shocked them both.

Will jerked back and in reaction Hannibal flinched back to stare up at Will, unsure of how the distressed cry of an Omega for the attention of his Alpha would be perceived by his mate. Will stared down at him for a second, eyes wide and mouth agape.

He then finally seemed to realize what was going on. Turning his body towards him to place Hannibal between his legs he bent down to put both of his hands on his face, stroking softly.

"Oh god, Hannibal, I'm so sorry. I was completely lost in thoughts," he whispered, pressing gentle kisses to his lips while stroking through his hair.

Strong fingers carefully gripped his nape finding his pressure points and Hannibal instantly relaxed, leaning into the gentle ministrations, soaking up the attention he so missed these last days.

When Will pulled back he didn't hold the sound of disappointment in. It was freeing.

"You didn't finish your meal," the Alpha frowned looking across the table, the urge to follow his instincts obviously strong right now.

Hannibal said nothing when Will took his fork to pick up some food from his own plate to hold it out for Hannibal to eat.

For a second he hesitated, not sure if he wanted to degrade himself to that extent, but Will looked at him with such concern and regret that he decided to ignore his pride this time.

Slowly he opened his mouth and Will watched with rapt attention as he closed his lips around the fork, taking the food in. He found it felt nice, his Alpha providing food for him, feeding him, caring for him.

The next bite Will ate himself, showing his pleasure at the fine meal this time with a low hum. Hannibal preened. He'd never get enough of Will's praise and it didn't surprise him when he felt the gentle rumble of a purr in his chest.

Will's eyes darkened in sudden arousal and with a sweep of two fingers he gathered some left over sauce, smearing it across Hannibal's lower lip. The tickling feeling drew a small gasp out of him.

Bringing his tongue out he slowly licked across his lips and around Will's fingers that rested in the corner of his mouth.

With strong hands Will urged Hannibal suddenly up and onto his lap to hold him close to his chest, feeling the vibrations of Hannibal's purr everywhere.

Wrapping his arms around Will's neck Hannibal bent down for a slow kiss, savouring the taste, the scent and the heat of Will's body while purring louder.

After a few moments of leisurely exploring each other and enjoying the intimacy Hannibal gave in to his need for more, starting to unbutton Will's shirt quickly.

With small nips and bites he worked along Will's rough jaw, down his neck, his collarbones to his chest, while broad palms started to roam over his back to pull his shirt out of his trousers.

"I love that white shirt," Will whispered against his throat, busying his fingers with unbuttoning said shirt.

Hannibal hummed while nipping playfully at Will's ear, urging him on.

"I'd ask you if I may fuck you on your dinner table, spread you out on top like a delicious meal, taste every inch of you, drink you down, but you'd never allow it, am I right?"

His first impulse of indignity and outrage died a miserable death in the sharp spike of pleasure that raced down his spine to build a pool of heat deep in his ass. He pressed the moan escaping between his clenched teeth into Will's neck.

With strong hands he gripped Will's hair as he got up and sat down on the table, dragging his mate up to stand between his legs, wrapping them around lean hips.

His need to be taken and filled by his Alpha became overwhelming and by now Hannibal had realized that suppressing it would only result with both of them being miserable.

With one final deep breath he let go.

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Will felt Hannibal give in and with an exhilarated hiss he pressed him down on the table, top after pushing his plates and the decorations out of the way. Looking down at Hannibal he had to take a moment to compose himself.

"God, I missed you," he breathed, and Hannibal's dark eyes were glued to him, watching him, drinking him in.

Will shivered.

He parted the white shirt to reveal the broad chest, dark nipples already erect. Bending down he took one of them into his mouth, worrying it with his tongue and teeth. Hannibal threw his head back, the sinews in his neck straining against the black collar.

Arching his back Hannibal presented his belly to him and Will had to moan at the display of wanton need and hunger.

He knew what Hannibal was doing. The Omega was putting on a show for him, displaying his readiness and trying to appeal to him by presenting his body in the best way possible.

He would have never expected him to do this for Will and he had to swallow hard around the sudden lump in his throat.

With shaking hands he opened Hannibal's slacks and pulled them down, groaning as he realized there was no underwear.

Hannibal lifted his hips and spread his thighs, letting out a whimper as his cock sprang free, already leaking.

"Fuck, Hannibal!" Will cursed.

In answer Hannibal gripped the edge of the table above his head and stretched, his strong body showing his muscles and the power that was hidden in them. He looked amazing spread out on the dark table.

It was a show worthy of the best. The Omega lured him in like fire lured a moth, sinking his fangs into Will, drawing him in, closer and closer until there was no escape.

Will doubted that even the strongest Alpha would have been able to resist Hannibal in this moment, and Will still couldn't believe that he was the one who got to see him like that, who could see and *touch*.

"I love you, Hannibal," he whispered, pressing a soft kiss to the inner side of a knee. "So good, so perfect."

Hannibal closed his eyes, groaned and keened, Will’s name a soft whine on moist red lips.

"Please!" he lifted his hips as high as he could and suddenly Will saw the plug seated between firm ass cheeks.

A sharp breath escaped his lungs, turning into a moan.

With a firm grip he pulled the plug out, causing Hannibal to buck his hips into his grip, before dragging him to the edge of the dark wooden table, leaving a smear of slick behind dripping from Hannibal's hole.

The scent flooding his nose almost undid him.

Hannibal spread his thighs even wider, fitting Will between them and with one smooth thrust Will entered his Omega, moaning in triumph as Hannibal shouted in pleasure. He had missed this so much these last days.

The wet, hot channel gripped him hard, shutting down is ability to breathe for a few seconds.

Holding still, he tried to get back his composure, but it was a lost cause, especially when Hannibal started to squeeze his muscles around him, demanding him to move.

Spreading the fingers of his right hand across Hannibal's stomach and bracing the other on the smooth table, he started rocking into the heat of his Omega, who pressed back into him with measured, controlled moves.

Letting his hand roam over the strong body he reacquainted himself with his Hannibal's body as if he hadn't seen him in months.

Hannibal still stared at him, his eyes barely leaving Will's and Will couldn't help but fall into their depths, into a vortex of arousal, dark need and dangerous possessiveness.

Gasping he tried to free himself before he would become too overwhelmed and lose himself, but he found it impossible to untangle himself from the alluring darkness. The feeling of being the center of Hannibal's nightmarish universe was too addictive.

A wave of arousal shot through his spine and Will felt his knot growing. Pushing in deeper, making Hannibal gasp and close his eyes, Will finally tore himself out of the labyrinth that was the Ripper's mind.

He gripped narrow hips with his hands and pulled Hannibal almost over the edge of the table, while laying himself atop of his mate.

Arms and legs closed around his torso and Will attacked red bitten lips with his teeth and tongue, feeling strong and powerful, overwhelmingly so.

Hannibal moaned.

"Harder!" he gasped into the open mouthed kisses and Will had all intentions of obeying that command.

Picking up the pace he knew he wouldn't last for long, the pleasure already pooling like a stream of heat in his balls, making his knot swell quickly.

Knowing Hannibal loved the feeling of his knot catching at his rim, Will kept pulling out as long as possible, pushing quiet and reluctant moans out of Hannibal until the pressure and the sharp spikes of pleasure were too much to take. With one final hard thrust he seated his knot deep in his Omega's hole, pressing a sound out of Hannibal that almost sounded like a sob, while hot fluid splashed between them, coating their chests.

Hannibal went limp and his arms slid from Will's back to the table while his chest heaved with heavy breaths.

Will forced himself to stay still for a moment to give Hannibal time to recover. The muscles in his arms shook with exhaustion and his body yearned for release.

Broad palms lifted his head and Will realized that he'd closed his eyes and let his head drop to Hannibal's chest.

A kiss was pressed to his mouth and muscles clenched around his knot, making him gasp, and with a few strong rocking motions deep into Hannibal's channel, he came as well.

With a groan he let his head fall again, pressing gentle kisses to his Omega's chest. He worked a nipple with his lips and teeth, causing Hannibal to arch up into him. The movement caused a pull at his knot and he groaned into the moist skin.

"God, I've missed this. I hate conferences," he murmured.

Hannibal hummed in agreement and carded his fingers through Will's sweaty curls. He shifted on the table and Will realized that their position was probably uncomfortable for Hannibal.

"I'm sorry for the table by the way. I guess I didn't exactly think that fantasy through till the end." Will felt embarrassed and he knew that Hannibal could see it by the way his eyes lit up with amusement.

"It's quite alright. Nothing happened that can't be cleaned away. Tell me though, what other fantasies are you hiding from me in that fascinating head of yours?" A corner of his mouth pulled up in a smile and Will hid his blushing face in Hannibal's chest, nipping at the skin in punishment

"I'm not gonna tell you. They're *my* fantasies," he felt the urge to stick out his tongue at Hannibal, but refrained not knowing how he'd react to such childish mannerisms.

Hannibal only smirked wider.

"Let's try to find a more comfortable position. I'm feeling my back already." Will knew it was a poor attempt to change the topic, but Hannibal thankfully indulged him.

Carefully he pushed himself up to stand back between Hannibal's thighs, the change in position pulling a moan out of both of them.

After several attempts they managed to sit back on Will's chair, the Omega on his lap holding onto his shoulders until the danger of slipping had passed.

Will wrapped his arms around the strong body and sighed happily, enjoying the warmth, the comfort of having his mate as close as possible, plus the gentle arousal that still thrummed through him.

This is where he belonged and where he was welcome. Will couldn't be any happier.

"So. Now tell me what you want to ask me, because there's definitely something you want." This time it was Will's turn to be smug as he felt Hannibal tense for a moment and the hands on his back stilled.

"And no trying to avoid the..." he ended in a moan as Hannibal clenched his muscles around him, causing him to come again.

"...question," he growled.

"I need to hunt," Hannibal finally said and Will tensed in reaction.

A soft kiss was pressed to his forehead and fingers caressed his face. It wasn't an apology. Hannibal would never apologize for what he was and what he did.

Will took a deep breath and forced himself to relax before he looked up, glancing into dark eyes for a moment before focusing on the collar right in front of him.

"Will it be the Ripper?" he asked with a rough voice.

Hannibal shook his head. "No. It's better the Ripper stays quiet for some time now."

"Good." Will stayed quiet for a moment, thinking, picturing, imagining. He'd seen Hannibal kill once before and Will remembered how it had made him feel.

"I want to watch."

The sharp gasp Hannibal let out turned into a moan, hands fisted in Will's hair and a wave of slick gushing around his cock. Hannibal rocked down onto him in reaction to the new arousal running through him.

"Fuck," Will cursed. "Is that a yes?"

"Yes!" came the hissed response.

After a few more thrusts Hannibal stilled, mouth open but silent, and another orgasm coated Will's stomach.

Will pressed a hard kiss to his mouth, devouring the sounds of arousal.

The delight and disbelief that flowed through their bond made him realize how uncertain Hannibal had been about that part of their relationship.

He broke the kiss and gently sucked a nipple into his mouth in apology and to calm Hannibal down. Arms wound around his head and lips were pressed into his hair while he felt the beginnings of a purr vibrate against his tongue.

The moment felt tender and warm and they stayed like that until Will's knot had deflated far enough for them to separate.

Gripping Hannibal’s wrist hard Will prevented his attempt to clear the table and dragged him up to their bedroom. For once Hannibal decided that doing the dishes could wait a bit.

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